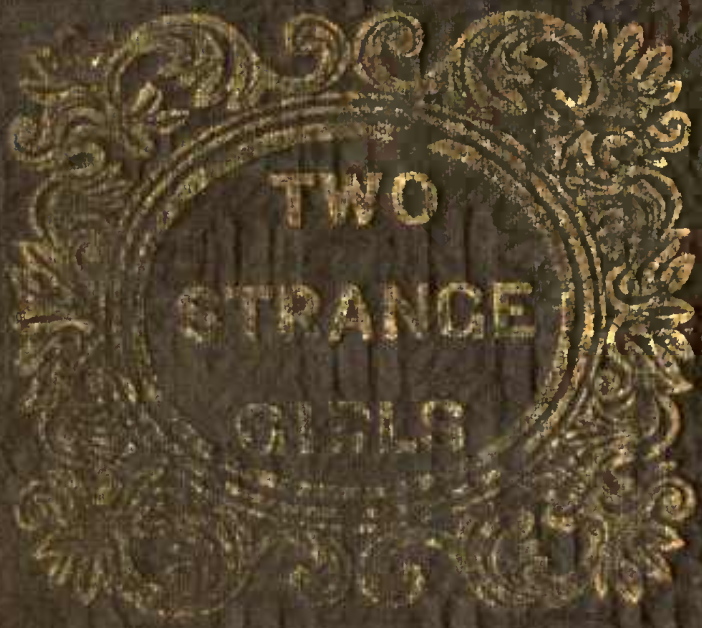
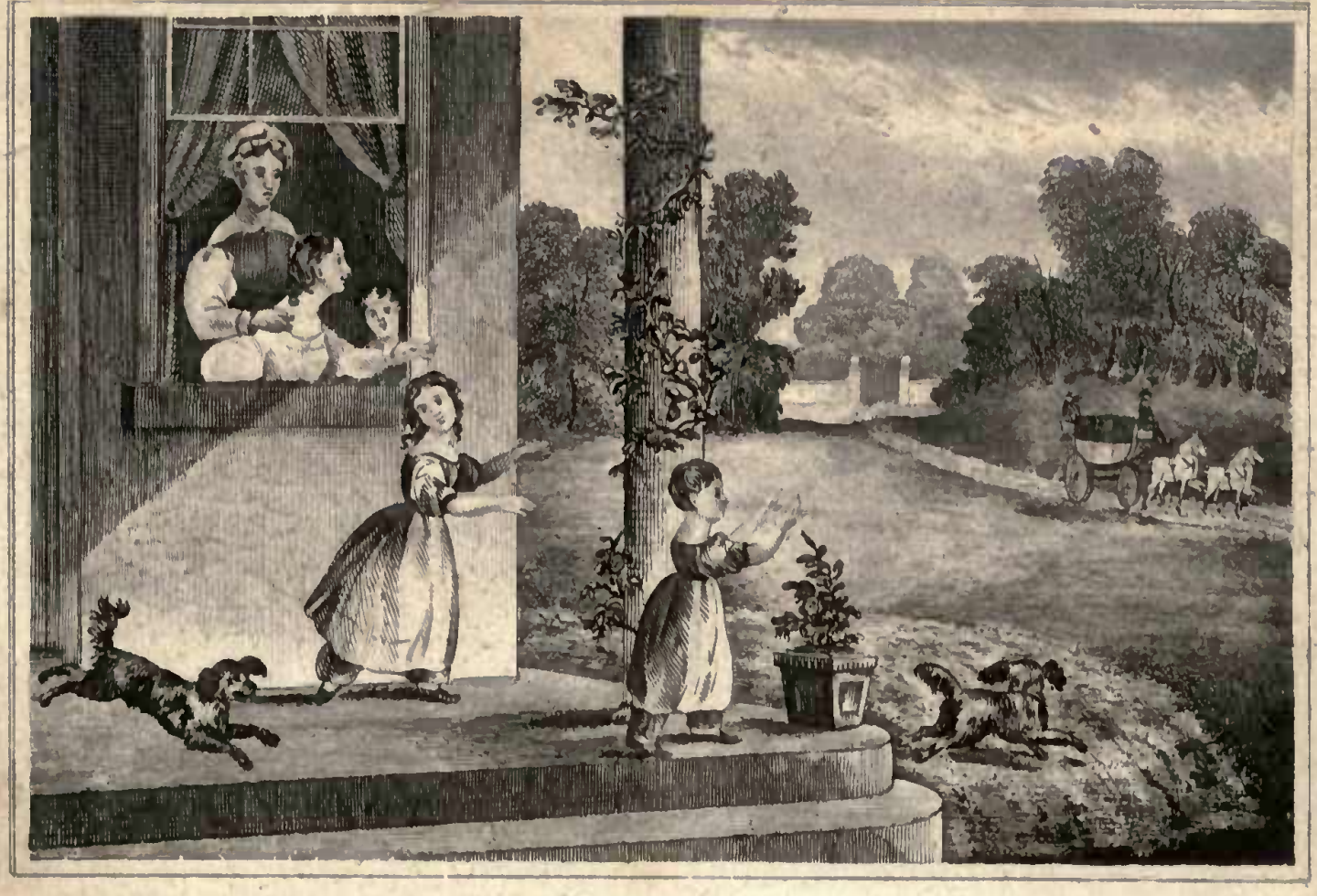

TWO
STRANGE
GIRLS

Presented to Miss
Josephine Thomas by
her teacher Miss
Betsey Ramsdell



"they heard the sound of a carriage driving up the avenue; all jumped up from the table and ran to the window."

P. 69.

TWO STRANGE GIRLS:

OR THE

ENTERTAINING HISTORY

OF THE

YOUNG DAVENPORTS,

AND THEIR

TWO COUSINS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

Revised and prepared for Peirce's Children's Library.

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THE

HISTORY

OF THE

DAVENPORT FAMILY.

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PART I.

In the north of England lived a gentleman and lady of the name of Davenport; they had two boys and two girls. Mrs. Davenport took care herself of the education of her daughters, whilst her husband attended to that of the boys. These children were very good and dutiful to their parents; and, indeed, it would have been a shame had they been otherwise.

Their names were, Charles, thirteen years old; Mary, twelve; George, eleven; Caroline, nine.

Though their house was several miles distant from any town, yet it had the advantage of a very good neighborhood; this, however, did not last all the year, as most of the families who lived thereabout spent their winter in London. Yet, during this dreary season, our little family wished not for more society than was to be found under their own roof; they were always happy and cheerful within themselves. Mrs. Davenport had a brother, who was a widower, with two daughters; Sophia and Amelia Easy. Having occasion to visit the Continent, he begged the favor of hi brother and sister to take care of them during the vacation they would have at school at Christmas. This request was readily complied with; and, accordingly,

when the holidays were nearly arrived, Mr. Davenport set off for London, to convey these young ladies from thence down to his own house. Mary and Caroline expected the arrival of their cousins with a deal of pleasure. During the week that Mr. Davenport was absent, their leisure hours were employed in making up new clothes for their dolls, and getting all their playthings in order. At length, the happy day arrived, their father returned, and introduced Sophia and Amelia to them; hoping that they would be good friends, and love one another as sisters.

Sophia Easy was fourteen years old, Amelia was twelve. They had the misfortune to lose their mother when they were very young, and having been from that time brought up at one of the first schools, great attention had been paid to their French, music, and other accomplishments; but they were girls of

very perverse and wayward dispositions. Sophia was very proud and unwilling to take any advice, haughty to servants, and impertinent to her superiors; at school, she had connected herself with a set of those silly girls, who laughed at every one who knew better than themselves, and tyrannised over those who would not enter into their ridiculous schemes. Amelia was vain and conceited; she never let slip an opportunity of admiring herself in a looking-glass; and, had the time been allowed her, would, with pleasure, have spent the whole morning at her toilet. Besides these foibles, they had each of them contracted a habit of telling falsehoods. Such were the Miss Easys, and from what I have said of the little Davenports, my young readers will readily suppose that they were not much pleased with their visitors.

Mr. Davenport read short prayers to

the whole family every night, which were always over by nine o'clock, when the children went to bed. They rose at six in summer, and at eight in winter; though used to earlier hours at school, Sophia and Amelia did not choose to get out of bed till past nine. Mrs. Davenport took no notice of this the first morning, thinking that the journey had fatigued them; but the next day, when the clock struck nine, and they had not made their appearance, she went up stairs and gently reproved them; adding, that she hoped it would not happen again. The moment she quitted the room, "Come," says Amelia to her sister, "let us get up, or she will be coming again to plague us." "Let her come," returned Sophia; "we have only to pretend to be asleep."

Amelia. Ah, but she will find us out!

Sophia. And what if she does; she has no right to punish us!

After this they continued their conversation for a long time, till it was interrupted by the entrance of Caroline; who coming towards the bed and gently undrawing the curtains, "Come, my dear cousins," said she, "pray get up; for if you stay up stairs any longer you will trouble mama, and I am sure you would not wish to do so." "I don't care whether she is troubled or not," said Sophia; "what is it to *her* how long we lay in bed?" This was the first time Caroline had ever heard her mama spoken of slightingly; it hurt her, and she quickly answered, "my mama is very good, and is never angry or vexed without reason." "If we get up, it will be of our own accord," said Amelia, "we shall not do it a bit the sooner for *her*." "Do just as you please," returned Caroline; who, wishing to avoid a

quarrel, hastily left the room; but recollecting that her cousins might want some help, she came back, and offered her assistance; it was accepted, and, when they were dressed, she conducted them to the breakfast room. "This is a very late hour for breakfast," said Mrs. Davenport, as they entered the room; "we are a regular family, and it must not happen again." "What," said Sophia, "are we to get up by *four?* "I did not say *four*," replied Mrs. Davenport, rather displeased at her pertness; "but eight is our breakfast hour, and those who are not down by that time must go without." This was spoken in so resolute a manner, that it totally silenced her nieces. They soon finished their breakfast, and Mary took them to walk in the grounds. The sharpness of the weather, however, soon brought them back again; Mary then produced some dissected maps, but they would

not suffer her even to open them; saying that they had enough of geography at school, and that they did not intend to study in holiday time. "Study, do you call it?" said Mary; "well, you cannot imagine how we all like it, for father teaches us, and we find it quite entertaining; however, if you do not like it, we will find out some other amusement; will you go up stairs, and play with our dolls?" "Do you take us for babies?" said Amelia. "I am sure I did not mean to affront you," replied Mary; "and I do not know what else to offer you. Stay! now I think of it, there is a great book of prints in the study; will you come and look over them?" "Why can't you bring them here?" said Amelia.

Mary. I would with pleasure, but they are so heavy.

Just then Mrs. Davenport entered the room:—"What, my dear Mary," said

she, "can you find nothing to entertain your cousins with? Where are your maps?"

Mary. They do not like them, mama.

Mrs. Davenport. And why not?

Sophia. Dear me, ma'am, we are sick of them at school. I hate geography.

Mrs. Davenport. That is a great pity indeed, for it is a very useful study

Amelia. Besides, ma'am, we know enough about it already.

Mrs. Davenport. I am very glad to hear that you are so advanced, and I wish you would instruct Mary and Caroline. Let me hear you inform them of the meaning of the word continent.

Amelia. A continent — a continent — is a vast tract of water.

Mrs. Davenport. Is it indeed! — well, now that is quite new to me; I always understood it to be a vast tract

of *land;* every part of which you might visit without crossing any sea whatever."

Amelia. Aye, aye, a tract of *land;* it is much the same thing.

Mrs. Davenport. I beg your pardon; *land* and *water* are two very different things. Never again, my dear Amelia, pretend to more knowledge than you really have. 'Tis a common remark, that those who make the greatest boast of their learning, generally prove, upon examination, the most ignorant.

Mrs. Davenport then proposed a walk, but her nieces loudly opposed her, saying, that indeed it was too cold to attempt it. "I fear then," said she, "you must stay by yourselves, as Mary and Caroline make a practice of walking every day; for there is nothing so unwholesome as sitting over the fire all the day long." "I cannot see any necessity

for walking out," said Sophia, "in such horrid cold weather, when the very idea of it is enough to freeze one.

Mrs. Davenport. I do not know what you mean by horrid weather; but if you never stir out except in summer, you lose many a pleasant walk, and your health will suffer for it.

Sophia. I am forced to go out at school; but, if I had my own will, I am sure I would never set my foot out of doors but when it was warm.

Mrs. Davenport. My dear girl, you do not shew your sense by such a declaration; for certain it is, those who do not use exercise whilst young, are more subject to all kinds of disorders than those who pursue a contrary method. In the midst of pain, they regret their inattention to the advice of their friends, and lament with bitterness that it is now too late to follow it.

This dialogue was here interrupted

by the return of Mr. Davenport, and his two sons, from their morning's ride. They brought with them Harry Lively, a pretty little boy, the son of a gentleman who lived five miles from them. Being an only child, he was too much indulged to be quite agreeable; but, upon the whole, his behavior was not amiss. The arrival of this boy prevented the walk Mrs. Davenport had proposed; and the children being left by themselves, all sat round the fire, and began talking. Little Lively produced a book, which he said his father had given him that morning, and that, if the rest had no objection, he would read them a very entertaining story. They all agreed to it, and he began reading as follows:

THE HISTORY OF HARRY HEADSTRONG.

HARRY HEADSTRONG had exceed-

ing kind parents, who were willing to indulge him in everything that was proper; but he, like a foolish boy, would never take their advice. His father one day bought a horse that was rather unruly, and strictly charged his groom* never to let Harry ride it. Harry, however, soon found an opportunity for so doing; for one day, when his father was out, he went into the stables, and finding no groom there, he quickly saddled the horse, and was just preparing to mount when his father returned. "What are you doing there," said he. "Only going to ride Crop, Papa." "Then," replied Mr. Headstrong, "you are *only* going to do what I have expressly forbid; so your must go into the house, and let me not see your face again to-day."

The next morning, at breakfast, Mr.

* The groom is the man who has charge of the horses.

Headstrong was so good as not to take any notice of what had happened the preceding day; but this indulgence, far from having the proper effect, only served to make Harry worse. His father and mother being obliged to go on a visit for some days, where they could not conveniently take him with them, Mr. Headstrong, before his departure, gave him some very good advice, and above all, desired him upon no account to get upon Crop's back. Harry assured him he would not, but no sooner was his father gone, than he went to Dick, the groom, and contrived to send him out of the way upon some message or other. In the mean time, he mounted Crop, and the moment he was out of the stable yard, set off on a gallop. When he had got about a quarter of a mile from the house, he wished to turn back again, but he checked the bridle in vain — *on* Crop went, with such im-

petuosity, that Harry could no longer keep his seat. Luckily, however, before he *quite lost* it, he had time to disengage his feet from the stirrups, otherwise he must have been dragged a considerable way; which circumstance would, most likely, have proved fatal to him, as the road was very uneven and flinty. His fall deprived him of his senses, and he lay some time on the ground before any one passed by. At last a countryman came that way, and placing him upon some hay in his cart, carried him to his own cottage. As soon as his wife saw Harry, "Good-lack-a-day!" said she, "if this is not Squire Headstrong's son! goodness me! if he should die!—do, there's a good man," said she to her husband, "take Ball, and ride to town for a surgeon, or something." Tomkin thought Joan's advice was good, so getting on Ball he trotted away to the next town. During his

absence, Harry came to himself, but was so bruised, that he could not move. Mother Joan was a good sort of woman enough, but was rather inquisitive, and not a little talkative. She made Harry relate the whole adventure, and interrupted him every moment with some remark or other. At last, when he had finished, she exclaimed, "Good gemini! how could you be so venturesome. 'Tis well for you that you did not break your neck; nay, I don't know but what you've got some broken bones as it is. What will the Squire say? he will be out of his wits almost." Harry suffered so much pain that he hardly knew what the good woman said, but lay crying and groaning at a great rate. "Oh," says Joan, "you must not be in such low spirits neither." She then ran out of the room, and quickly returned with a cup of elder wine made hot with spices. It was lucky for Harry that the

surgeon arrived just time enough to prevent the dose, for had he taken it, it would have increased his fever much, which was already at an alarming height. Mr. Hopkin said, that none of his bones were broke, but gave it as his opinion, that he ought to be moved to his father's house. This was agreed to, and for three weeks he kept his bed dangerously ill. When his father and mother heard of the misfortune, they hastened back; so that, instead of staying from home a fortnight, as they had originally intended, they were absent but one day.

Any one would suppose that this accident would have been sufficient to keep Harry from disobeying his parents again; indeed it made an impression upon him for some time; but this wore away by degrees, and he became as bad as ever. At last he grew so mischievous, that no gentleman would suffer

their sons to keep company with him, fearing they should follow his bad example. His father kept pistols in his bed-chamber, and they were generally loaded; Harry was ordered never to touch them, and that he might have no opportunity of doing it, he was forbid entering the room. One day, however, when Mr. and Mrs. Headstrong were gone out to dinner, he stole in unperceived by the servants, and getting one of them down, he pulled the trigger and discharged it. Unhappily the pistol had not been looked at for some time, and was in so bad a condition that it burst. The consequence was, that his hand was shattered in so terrible a manner that he was forced to have it cut off. The excruciating pain he then underwent, made him reflect seriously on his disobedience. Oh! (thought he to himself) if I had but minded what my father said to me, I should never have

suffered thus! In fine, this last accident had so good an effect upon him, that for the future, he did everything his parents desired him to do, and consequently became a very good boy.

Master Lively. Here follows a great deal of advice, but that I always skip.

Charles. Indeed, that is very foolish.

Lively. And why foolish?

Charles. Father has often told me so; — I own to you, I used at one time to be of the same way of thinking, till he convinced me of the folly of it. "My dear Charles," said he one day, "how, when you grow older, will you ever be able to study at all, if, whilst young, you make a practice of skipping every page that is not enlivened with an anecdote? You will next get into a habit of never reading any but trifling books, that contain no real information, but only serve to amuse for an hour or two at best."

Mr. Davenport now entered, and inquired how they had been employed. "We have been hearing a very pretty story, sir," said Caroline, "which Harry Lively has been reading to us." Harry Lively then handed the book to him, and Mr. Davenport, having just looked over it, said, "This story seems a good one, and I hope you will all remember the advice at the end of it."

Harry Lively. Oh! I did not read *that* to them.

Mr. Davenport. And why not?

Harry Lively. It is so dull and stupid — I never do.

Mr. Davenport. Then you lose many an useful piece of information. You say it is so dull and stupid; you would think very differently were you to read it, with a determination to profit by it. Be assured it is your want of attention that makes it appear unentertaining. Young people cannot have too

much advice given them, their inexperience requires it. Without some one to direct them, they would be continually falling into error and misfortune. Yet strange it is, there *are* children who have kind parents to guide them, who will, notwithstanding, obstinately follow their own inclinations.

The second dinner bell now rang, and they all went together into the other room. After dinner the children all went up into an unfurnished room that was kept on purpose for them to run about in, when the weather was bad. Here they amused themselves with blind-man's-buff, thread the needle, &c. till some one came to tell them that tea was ready. Afterwards they had another play which lasted them till bed time.

As the roads, in winter, were very bad between Mr. Davenport's house and Mr. Lively's, these two gentlemen had settled, that Harry should not ride home

till the next day. Mrs. Davenport, when taking leave of her nieces for the night, reminded them of the breakfast hour, adding, that if it was a fine morning, she would take them out with her to pay some visits.

A few days after this, Mrs. Davenport invited several of the neighbors' children to come and spend the afternoon and evening with her children and their cousins. The company consisted of five young ladies, and six young gentlemen; their names were,

Boys — James Tumble, William Wynn, John and George Fry, Edward Smith, and John Sprightly.

Girls — Eliza and Julia Tumble, Lucy and Emma Wynn, and Elizabeth Sprightly.

If to these we add Harry Lively, the Davenports, and their cousins, we shall find just enough to make eighteen in all. They began playing at six o'clock, and

would willingly have continued their sport till midnight, if Mrs. Davenport had thought proper, but that lady judged ten a better hour for supper, as none of them were above fourteen years old. Though this little party had been purposely made for the entertainment of Sophia, and her sister, they were so ungrateful as to pout, and give themselves airs, because they could not play any longer. Mrs. Davenport, however, chose to be obeyed, and all but her neices went to bed in perfect good-humor. The next day there arrived a paquet of letters from France. Mr. Easy's letter to his eldest daughter was as follows:

Paris, Dec. 12.

My dear Sophia,

As I have not heard to the contrary, I am willing to flatter myself that you, Amelia, and all at Thorne Park are well. As I have sent my direction to your uncle, you may write as often as you please, the oftener indeed, the better. I hope,

my dear girl, that both you and Amelia behave properly to my brother and sister. Independent of the duty you owe them as your uncle and aunt, you ought to esteem yourselves particularly obliged to them for their kindness in permitting you to be at their house during your vacation. You must be sensible how much more comfortable you are in that situation, than if you had spent the holidays at school. You, my dear children, have no mother alive : there must be many little things to correct in your dispositions, which I have no opportunity of attending to, and which your teacher, having so many more young people under her care, is very likely to overlook. But yet, these circumstances form no excuse for any misbehavior of yours, as you have an aunt who is highly capable of directing you, and loves you as if you were her own children. Consider this, my dear girls, and be particularly attentive to any advice she may give you, as you may depend upon it, 'tis for your good.

I shall be at Thorne Park about the beginning of next month. I have written to my brother, to ask him to give you house-room till then ; as I should wish to spend a few days with you before your return to school. Adieu, my dear children, believe me to be

Your affectionate father,

HENRY EASY.

Though Sophia and Amelia were very glad to hear from their father, they were not altogether pleased to find that he differed from them in thinking that they were to pay obedience to Mrs. Davenport. They were so foolish as to imagine that she only reproved them for the sake of finding fault, and were inwardly determined to pay no more attention to her than they had hitherto done. They kept their resolution; and though Mrs. Davenport was always proposing some party of pleasure for them, they took no pains to please her in return.

As to their getting up early in the morning, though their aunt was continually representing to them how unwholesome it is to spend so many hours in bed, they did not heed her, till Mrs. Davenport put her threat in execution of letting them go without their breakfast if they were not down by eight

o'clock. She was sorry to be obliged to have recourse to so harsh a method; but finding nothing else would answer, she was obliged to do it.

A few days after this, Mrs. Davenport took her nieces and daughters to the cottages in the neighborhood, which she had always made a practice of doing, wishing to see herself how the poor people fared, and to relieve their poverty as much as lay in her power. They were rejoiced to see her, for they all loved and respected her greatly, as she never quitted them without leaving something useful to them behind her. It was not for these visits alone that they were indebted to her, for she frequently *sent* them clothes, butcher's meat, &c. &c.; and in winter they came every other day for soup, which Mrs. Davenport caused to be distributed in quantities according to the number of the different families. Mary and Caro-

line, too, often begged of their mother to let them make some clothes for the younger children, which request Mrs. Davenport was ever ready to agree to; and such great pleasure did they find in this employment, that when they had done anything worthy of a reward, Mrs. Davenport gave them materials for making a cloak, gown, &c. for some little peasant girl or other. Mary was this day provided with a gown for Madge, their late gardener's daughter, and Caroline with a pair of shoes; as they had observed, the last time they paid the little girl a visit, that she was in great want of both these articles. Now, as I think it very likely that my young readers wish to know how Mary and Caroline had purchased this indulgence, I shall inform them, that they had been particularly attentive to their different exercises for a month past, and this attention their mother never failed to reward.

When they had all stepped into the carriage, the servant put in a bundle containing little Madge's gown and shoes. "What's this," said Sophia; "what are you putting this in for?" "Oh," says Caroline, "that bundle belongs to me and my sister; it must not be left behind upon any account." "*Indeed, but it shall,*" returned Sophia, "if it is to be placed against my feet in this manner." "Well then," said Caroline, "I will take it up in my lap; pray don't quarrel about it." "Pray, Miss Caroline," said Amelia (who sat upon the same side,) "don't think I'll permit the ugly bundle to crowd *me* up; is not the coach full enough already without *bundles*?" Mrs. Davenport cast an angry look at her nieces, and without saying anything to them, ordered the postilion to drive on. "Here, then," said Amelia, (holding the bundle to the out-rider as she spoke) "here, do you

take it back to the house, for I declare it shall not be on my side."

Mrs. Davenport, however, forbade the servant to take it, and turning to her niece, "Here, Amelia, let *me* have it; it takes up but very little room, and even if it were *twice* as big, you ought not to complain; but I hope you will cease so to do, when you know what it contains." She then opened it, and displaying the contents, said, "These clothes are for a poor little girl who wants them very much this cold weather, as her own are very old and threadbare; would you, then, be so uncharitable as to suffer her to remain a week or two longer in this uncomfortable situation, because you cannot submit to the small inconvenience of being crowded for a little time? Or, supposing it were to be four hours before we reach her cottage, is it not much better that you should be a little incommoded for that time, than that she should be shivering for a *week*?"

Sophia. That is very likely indeed, when coals hereabouts are as *cheap as dirt*, and you cannot stir half a dozen steps without meeting with a coal-pit. There is not a single cottage that has not a roaring fire in it.

Mrs. Davenport. But you forget that she has something else to do besides sitting by the fire-side all the day. Young as she is, she goes to market to sell the poultry she rears herself, and to bring back provisions for the family — draws water — keeps the cottage and the little yard that belongs to it *clean*; and when she can be spared from home, earns ninepence a day working at the farmer's houses round about as a chair woman. Thus you see she has a great deal of business upon her hands, and of such a nature as of course exposes her very much to the severity of the weather. I cannot always spare my servants from their work, so I wish to take this oppor-

tunity of conveying some warm clothing to the poor child, or otherwise (as I said before) *she must be shivering for a week*, if not *longer*.

Sophia. I fancy, ma'am, there is not much chance of *that*, as part of her family come three times a week for soup.

Mrs. Davenport. Now pray tell me, Sophia, did you think of that when you first objected to our carrying the bundle?

Sophia. (Rather confused.) Yes, ma'am, I did — for I knew very well her father comes every other day to Thorne Park.

Mrs. Davenport. She has no father.

Sophia. Then her mother.

Mrs. Davenport. She is an orphan.

Sophia. Then her cousin, brother, or some one.

Mrs. Davenport. You have told one falsehood, and to get out of the scrape,

are only plunging deeper. She lives with her grandfather and grandmother, who are both too infirm to walk six miles; and therefore, instead of the soup, I give them more clothes and money than falls to the share of any other of the poor cottagers hereabout.

Sophia knew she was in the wrong, and being sensible that it would be to no purpose to endeavor to defend herself, made her aunt no answer, but sat in sullen silence till the carriage stopt at the cottage in which Madge lived.

They entered a little room that served both for parlor and kitchen, where they found her grandmother knitting, and at the same time attending to a saucepan full of broth that was on the fire. She rose with difficulty at their entrance, and upon being desired by Mrs. Davenport to keep her seat, cried out, "God bless you, my dear lady! you have always been good to me, and I wish I was

strong enough to work night and day to serve you."

Mrs. Davenport. I have done nothing extraordinary for you, my good woman; you was always a faithful servant to my mother, and your poor son and daughter, whilst alive, were the same to me. But tell me, how is the good man, your husband?

Caroline and *Mary.* And Madge?

Old Woman. Ah! ma'am, it goes to my heart to tell you that he is very bad indeed.

Mrs. Davenport. How! my good mother!

Mary and *Caroline.* No, no, not very bad, I hope.

Old Woman. Bless your little honest hearts, I wish I could say he was not — but I fear indeed — he — will not live — long.

Mrs. Davenport. Oh, no, my good old woman, do not say so — your fears

make you think him worse. Let me see him ; where is he ?

Old Woman. Your ladyship is so good, he is up stairs — the stairs are so narrow and steep — that ——

Mrs. Davenport. Oh ! never mind that, you know I have often been up before now, when you were confined with the rheumatism.

Old Woman. Ah! I am sure I ought never to forget that as long as I live, and ——

Mrs. Davenport. But if old Joseph is really very sick, there is no time to be lost — so, pray, no more, but let me go —

Old Woman. Well, to be sure your ladyship is very good — but — he won't expect such a great honor.

The old woman, with some reluctance, now shewed Mrs. Davenport and her party up a kind of ladder, which conducted them into a small apartment, the walls of which were neatly white-

washed, and the boards as clean as possible. In one corner was a bed, in which lay old Joseph. Mrs. Davenport, observing that he had his eyes shut, offered to go down again, lest she should disturb him; but was prevented by his waking from his slumber. The old woman approached, and said, "Here is my lady Davenport come to see you: —"how do you do now, my dear?" Joseph raised his head, and seeing the visiters, apologized for his not being able to receive them in a better manner; adding, that, sick as he was, if he had known of their coming, he would have got up. "Then," said Mrs. Davenport, "I am very glad you had no notice of it, as my intention is to *comfort* all the cottagers I visit, and not to put them out of their way."

Joseph. Thank you, madam, your charity is very well known — everybody who knows you, loves you, and I can safely say, (and I have now lived

eighty-six years) that I never have heard a disrespectful word spoken of *you*, 'Squire Davenport, or any of your family before you.

Mrs. Davenport. They have always considered it as their duty to assist their fellow-creatures, and I and my husband endeavor to bring up our children in the same way of thinking.

Joseph. You are perfectly right, my good lady: depend upon it, the only way to be happy, is to be virtuous; and surely charity is a great virtue. *You*, young ladies, perhaps will believe an old man, when he tells you that, both among poor and rich, he never knew a wicked person happy. I have been poor all my life, but I have not been unhappy, and am not unhappy now that I am about to die.

Mrs. Davenport. Pray, my good man do not talk of dying yet; I hope to see you alive and merry, keeping my eldest boy's birth day on the 2d of June.

Old Man. God bless *you*, my lady, and all your worthy family. That is a long time to look forward — May you all live many, many years! But as for *me*, my days are very nearly at an end.

At this part of the conversation, Mrs. Davenport could not refrain from tears; but, amidst all her anxiety for the poor man, felt a gleam of joy upon seeing her two nieces equally affected with the scene. As for Caroline and Mary, they sobbed aloud. Joseph, perceiving their sorrow, begged them to be comforted; "For indeed, ma'am," said he, "you cannot think how happy and lightsome I feel; and if it was not for my poor wife's and grandchild's sake, should die as easy as if I was going to sleep: but when I see them miserable at the thoughts of my death, I cannot help pitying them. My dear Joan has always been a good and tender wife to me, and as for my little Madge, she is

as dutiful and clever a little girl as you would wish to see: your ladyship's goodness to her has been great, and your promise to take her (when a few years older) into your service, has given my Joan and me many a happy hour. But your ladyship must let her stay with her poor grandmother (for she loves her dearly) till she follows me: how soon that may be, God alone knows! She is now, and has been for many months, very infirm. The wine, good 'Squire Davenport sent us, has helped to cheer her much; till this last illness of mine, we used constantly to take a glass of it together every night; and my dear little Madge, when she had finished all her work, would sit down by us and read a chapter or two in the Bible. And let me tell you, ma'am, she has a very good hand at it."

"But," continued he, "would not these young ladies choose some little re-

freshment? I have not the happiness of knowing *those* two, but if I may judge by their likeness to *you*, madam, they are your relations."

Mrs. Davenport. They are my brother's children.

Old Joseph. What, madam! your brother Henry? I beg pardon — I recollect you had no other. Ah, your brother Henry, he used to love me dearly — I remember he had a little garden of his own — I marked it out for him — a pretty little fellow he was, with his little rosy cheeks and hazel eyes; I think I see him now running towards me, with his brown hair blowing about; "Here Joseph, Joseph!" cried he, "my father has been so kind; he has given me leave to have a piece of ground to *myself*, if *you* will give it me, in one of the kitchen gardens, or anywhere you please out of sight; for my father says, he supposes I shall

make fine work of it; and as you like to keep the pleasure-grounds so neat, he thought you would not wish me to have it thereabouts." Then away we both trotted as fast as we could, *he* pulling along. When we got to the place, I marked out the ground, and weeded it for him. "Now," says he, "you must, dear Joseph, give me some flower roots, for I should like to have flowers as well as sallad; for mother likes flowers, and so does Mary (that was *you* ma'am) and I shall give them a nosegay very often." Thus would he run on, dear little fellow! I wish I could see him now.

Mrs. Davenport made the old man very happy, by informing him that she expected her brother every week: Joseph had not seen him for near four years; for when Mr. Easy was last at Thorne Park, *he* (the old man) was gone into Wales, to transact some business for his

landlord, Mr. Davenport. Sophia and Amelia listened with great attention to the above account of their father, and when their aunt reminded them that she had other cottages to visit, took their leave with some reluctance. Mrs. Davenport, upon quitting the house, inquired of Joan whether there was anything they wanted; adding, that, till she had an opportunity of calling again, she should send some one every day to inquire after Joseph, and to bring them wine, or any assistance they were in need of. Joseph's wife returned her many thanks, said they wanted nothing at present, and that if Mr. Easy *would* honor them with a visit, it would give great pleasure to her poor husband; but, as the surprise might be too much for him in his present weak state, begged of Mrs. Davenport to let them know an hour or two beforehand. That lady promised to attend to the caution, and

leaving her love (with that of her nieces and daughters) for little Madge, stepped into the carriage, and directed the postilion to drive home, and in their way to stop at the next cottage.

This cottage was inhabited by a poor laborer, his wife, and five children. The eldest was a boy, thirteen years old, who, with his father, earned his bread by mending the roads, and occasionally acting as bricklayer, carpenter, &c. to the neighboring families. The mother and eldest girl sold their spinning, and in the summer worked in the fields. These endeavors, though poor, procured them some trifling comforts, but much was still wanting. The Davenport family sought every opportunity of relieving those poor who were endeavoring to help themselves, and shewed a spirit of industry; and likewise those who were incapacitated from earning an honest livelihood by casualties, or ex-

treme old age. When the carriage stopt, two little girls ran out of the house, and seeing Mrs. Davenport, who was just getting out, cried, "Sister! sister! here is 'Squire Davenport's lady, and all the *young* ladies! and the coach! and the horses!" Upon hearing this exclamation, Mary, the second daughter, left her knitting to meet Mrs. Davenport, who, with her four companions, was now half way between the coach and cottage. Mary acquainted her, that both her mother and eldest sister were gone out, the one to market, the other of an errand.

"And how do you do, Mary?" said Mrs. Davenport, when they had gone in.

Mary. Quite hearty, thank your ladyship.

Mary Davenport. How does my little Sarah go on with her knitting?

Sarah. Oh, miss, I have begun a

stocking; I have done with garters now.

Caroline. That is a very clever thing to be able to knit stockings. Then you have made great haste in learning.

Mary. Ay, that she has — she is a good little girl, so mother says.

Sarah. And mother says that Jane is good, too.

Mary. Yes, I know it — mother would not say so if she did not think so.

Sophia. Where *is* Jane?

Mary. I will go and call her, miss.

Mrs. Davenport. No, no, do not trouble yourself; I dare say she'll soon return. How goes on reading?

Mary. Not very well, madam; father has taught my brother and eldest sister, and mother has taught me and Jane.

Sarah. And you have taught me a little.

Mary. Ah, *but little*, indeed, for I am not very good at it myself — and, besides, we have not much time for it.

Caroline. How far have you got, Sarah, in the spelling-book?

Sarah. Oh, miss, not farther than bla, ble; but Mary and Jane have got a great deal farther.

Mary. Not a great deal, sister.

Mrs. Davenport. Mary, will you read to me?

Mary. To *you* ma'am! oh dear, I should be so frightened — I am but a very poor scholar ———

Mrs. Davenport. You have learned in so short a time, and have so much employment of another kind, that I should be much surprised if you were anything like a good one.

Amelia, Sophia, Caroline, Mary. Do read, Mary.

Mary. If you will not laugh at me, I will try to read a little.

Mrs. Davenport. I will take upon me to answer for all; they would never be so uncivil as to laugh at you, when you are doing all you can to oblige them.

Mary rose up, and opening a chest, took out a little gilt book, in which, after some hesitation, she read as follows:

THE POOR MAN'S LEGACY.

There was once a poor man, who had two daughters: Jenny was the eldest, and Martha the youngest. Their father was taken ill, and died. On his death-bed, he called them both to him, and thus addressed them: "My dear girls, you will soon be turned into the wide world; I have worked as much as I have been able, but all my endeavors to leave you a little money have been fruitless; and all I can do is to give you a little advice. You must both work hard for your living, as you must be sensible there is not a single person from

whom you can expect any assistance. That you, Jenny, will be industrious, I have not the least doubt: I wish I could be as confident, Martha, with respect to you; but as you have always loved me tenderly, I have some hope that my death-bed advice will not be thrown away. You will be both left to yourselves, without a soul to direct you; but still you may succeed, if you will but be good and industrious. To be *happy* one must be *good*, in all stations of life. To those who live in affluence, it is a necessary qualification as well as to the cottager. In the former case, it directs the mind to a proper use of riches; it teaches the *only* way of enjoying them: without it, though rolling in riches, men are miserable. How indispensably necessary is it then to the poor! Whilst undergoing the sharp pains of hunger, they have need of consolation, and what can afford them

more than a good conscience! Never commit a bad action, upon any consid eration whatever; though it were to procure you all the comforts and elegancies of life, you would still be miserable. Not all the riches of the world can give inward peace to a wicked person."

Jenny and Martha received their father's advice with heartfelt gratitude. They promised to follow it, and, weeping bitterly, begged his blessing. He gave it them with great earnestness, and expired.

Mrs. Davenport commended Mary's reading, and was making some remarks upon the story, when Jane returned, with intelligence, that "she spied her mother coming down the hill;" adding, "that she had been hunting all over the garden for some snow-drops and crocusses for the young ladies, but could only find one of each: and I am very sorry for it," continued she, "for I do not

know which to give them to — they have all been very civil to me; but this young lady (pointing to Mary) made me four nice bibs and aprons — so I think, miss, I must give them to you (that is if you will take them) for I know you have very fine flowers indeed at home — such as I seldom see; but you look so smiling and good-natured, that I am sure — yes I am quite sure, you will accept them." Mary Davenport took the present, and gave the little girl a kiss, and told her that if she had but drawn up the flowers by the roots, she would have taken them home and planted them." "Oh, if that's all," replied Jane, "I can soon get you some snowdrop-roots, though they are not in flower!"— and away she ran into the garden.

The mother now entered the room, and made her acknowledgments for Mrs. Davenport's kind visit. "I fear, my good woman," replied that lady, "I

cannot stay much longer, as the evening is drawing nigh, and the roads are so bad, I am afraid of returning in the dark; but," added she, "you must tell me if you want anything, and I will endeavor to send, or bring it, as soon as possible."

Mrs. Dawson. I am very much obliged to you ma'am, and so is my whole family. I want nothing at present, for I and my daughter have had plenty of good work lately, which, with my husband's and son's wages, has brought us in a good deal. I have now nine shillings and sixpence by me, which will last some time; and I have a prospect of work for three weeks longer. I know your goodness so well, that you will never let a family perish for want of a little assistance: this, madam, is a great comfort to us all; but while we can work, we will never come upon you.

Mrs. Davenport. I highly approve

of your sentiments, and while you continue in the same way of thinking, you will continue to thrive; nothing but ill health can prevent it; that, I hope none of your family will ever feel the ill effects of: but even then you must not despair, as you will always find a friend in your landlord. By the bye, he desired me to tell your husband, that there were some repairs wanting in the stables; and that whenever he was at leisure, he wished him to come and look at them. — Good bye, my dear girls, whatever leisure time you have, give to your reading; give my love to your sister Hetty, and you, my good woman, remember me to your husband. Adieu!

The little girls and their mother accompanied Mrs. Davenport and the young ladies to the carriage door, and courtesied respectfully, as they drove, away. "What a charming thing is industry!" cried Mrs. Davenport, still

looking at the cottage; "those poor people maintain themselves entirely by it. They are far more happy than if they were fed by the bounty of any one. They go to bed every night with the pleasing reflection that they have spent the day well. They are always cheerful, being conscious that they fulfill their duty."

The conversation now turned upon old Joseph: "I wish," said Mary, "my uncle may come soon; not only because I long to see him, but that his arrival will make old Joseph so happy." "I know," returned Mrs. Davenport, "that the interview will be equally pleasing to my brother; he had always a great respect for the old man, and regretted much his being in Wales, when he visited us last." "How affectionately the poor man spoke about him," cried Sophia. "That is because he always treated him well," said Mrs. Davenport;

" he never thought worse of him for his poverty; he was well assured of his honesty; and though so much his superior in life, paid him as much attention as if he had been the first man in the kingdom, because he knew him to be a man of integrity."

As soon as they got home, Mary put her snow-drop roots into some water, not having time to plant them immediately. Mr. Davenport had that morning received from his bookseller, at York, a great many new publications, some of which were designed for young people. After tea, when they were all assembled in the library, he went to a large packing case, and taking out a small volume, asked the children if they had a mind to hear a fairy tale: " A fairy tale!" they all exclaimed, " Oh, pray sir, let us hear it." " With all my heart," said Mr. Davenport; but then Charles must read it to you." " Oh, that I will, with

pleasure," cried he; and taking the book from his father began reading. First, however, he told them that the story was not true, as there are in fact no such things as fairies. He said the story was all imaginary, written only for their amusement.

A FAIRY TALE.

"The king and queen of Rosyland had an only daughter, whose name was Melpomene. She was extremely beautiful, but of so bad a temper, that no stranger could sit an hour in her company without thoroughly disliking her. She was passionate and proud, but still she had many good qualities; and if her parents had corrected her faults when a child, she would have made an amiable princess. The fairy, Benevolenta, had foretold, that if her father and mother kept her in the palace after she was two years old, it would prove a

great source of uneasiness to both parties. She perceived that this prediction gave them great pain, and in some measure to mitigate it, proposed her own habitation as a proper asylum for Melpomene, till such time as her magical books should inform her that she might live with her father and mother.*— The queen acknowledged herself much obliged to Benevolenta for this offer, but inwardly determined not to profit by it; as she could not imagine where a daughter could be so well situated as under a father's roof. The king was of the same opinion with his royal consort; he had long wished for a child, and now when he had got one, was in no great hurry to part with it. When Melpomene was a month old, the queen was carried round the city in a car made

* This means that parents must put their children under an efficient but kind government, when very young, or they will be lost.

of ivory and gold, drawn by white horses, harnessed with white and silver ribbon, and led by little boys dressed in white, and garlands of roses. Four-and-twenty girls, none older than twelve, preceded the carriage, strewing flowers. The queen's household closed the procession.

When the festival was over, the fairy Benevolenta took her leave of the king and queen, and taking Melpomene in her arms, kissed her tenderly, and turning to the queen, "Oh, Asteria!" said she, "have compassion on this poor babe: sacrifice a little self-gratification to her happiness, and when the destined hour arrives, consign her to my care; and though maternal fondness must regret the separation, be not so weak as to give way to a wish, which, if gratified, will involve your child in misery.*

* Parents must often sacrifice the feelings of parental fondness, to secure the highest good of their children.

She then waved her wand, and immediately a car appeared in the heavens drawn by four doves; it descended, and mounting it, she was presently out of sight.

Two years soon passed away: Benevolenta appeared in Rosyland, and conjured Asteria to confide the princess to her care. But the queen was inexorable; neither threats or intreaties could prevail upon her to part with her darling. The king was equally obstinate, and Benevolenta departed, with infinite regret. Her anxiety for the fate of the princess, and natural goodness of heart, prompted her to take a long and very dangerous journey in order to consult a superior genius, respecting the possibility of softening the rigor of her destiny. From him she received the following answer:

"If Melpomene had quitted Rosyland at the age of TWO YEARS, her

days would have been crowned with bliss. Her ill-judging parents, by their folly, have doomed her to future misery. But as our beloved fairy, Benevolenta, has interested herself in the fate of the child, it is decreed that her faults and her sufferings shall not always continue." *

The fairy was overjoyed upon hearing this decree; and immediately set out for Rosyland. Upon entering the palace, she observed all the attendants' countenances filled with dismay. She eagerly inquired the cause; and was told by one of them, that the princess had that morning been stolen away by invisible hands. She was making farther

* This means that by continuing in indulgence and idleness, which is represented by Rosyland, through all the years of childhood, a child is in danger of being lost in character. Nevertheless, kind and efficient effort, which is represented by Benevolenta, can often save it again.

inquiries respecting the truth of this intelligence, when she perceived Asteria approaching. She appeared half distracted, staring wildly about her, and calling upon the princess. Benevolenta hastily went to meet and embrace her, but the queen, starting back, exclaimed, "It is not *she!* Why did you tell me she was found! You all take pleasure in deceiving me; but I do not care. Benevolenta will soon be here, and she will tell me news of her. *She* will not be so cruel."

"*I* am Benevolenta," returned the fairy, (shocked at her situation,) "I am Benevolenta, come to give you comfort."

Queen. You Benevolenta! No, no! do not think I will believe it. Do you imagine I do not know Benevolenta is by far more kind than you.*

* The truest kindness sometimes appears stern and severe.

The fairy, finding it was impossible to administer consolation to the queen in her present state of mind, consigned her to the care of her domestics, strictly charging them not to lose sight of her for one moment. She herself repaired to the king's apartments, where she found him in all the agonies of sorrow. "Oh! my friend," said he, "in what a situation do you find me. To what purpose was a child granted to my prayers, if I was to be bereft of it so soon."

"Stop!" cried Benevolenta, "when the superior powers blessed thee with a daughter, they conditioned that she was to quit thy roof at the age of two years, and not to return for a certain space of time. You have dared to counteract their designs: you have been told of the consequences that would ensue. This misfortune is but the beginning of the misery you have prepared for her. It is

your own work; do not arraign the justice of the higher powers, because you have been presumptuous enough to draw down their anger by disobedience to their commands."

"Oh!" replied the King, "do not add to my misery by these just reproaches. I have been greatly to blame; and I now, with sufficient weight, feel the punishment of my errors. But I have still a small ray of hope left:—From you I expect succor—intercede for me, and"——

"It is already done," replied the fairy; "I have obtained from the great *Almanzoroastre* a promise, that she will not *always* be unhappy, that her faults and her sufferings shall not always continue.

The king, upon hearing these last words, threw himself at the fairy's feet, and catching hold of her robe, "Benevolenta," said he, "you have restored me

to life; you have laid me under eternal obligations. Then you *can* give me hopes of my daughter; I shall *again* have her in my arms, *again* embrace her! what joy! But, while I thus anticipate my delights, what may she be enduring. How can I tell but what some evil genius has got her in his possession — cruel thought! — Oh, Benevolenta! release me from my torture — tell where she is."

These interrogations troubled the fairy. She well knew his conjectures were very well founded; but, fearing to increase his anxiety, totally discouraged them; adding, that she had not the least doubt but that the princess would soon be restored to him and his beloved consort; and, assuring him of her utmost assistance, vanished from his sight, and the instant she found herself in her own palace, set about preparing a charm for the discovery of Melpomene. ——"

The children were all listening with great attention, when a servant, who had been sent that morning to the next post-town, returned with a packet of letters, and it afforded no little joy to the circle to find that among the rest there was a long one from France. The children crowded with eagerness round Mr. Davenport, while his amiable wife, hanging on the back of his chair, shared in the pleasure they all received upon being acquainted with the contents.

This was the letter:

"My dear friends at Thorne Park will be very happy to hear that, by the time they receive this, I shall be but a few miles from them. If the wind proves but favorable, it is most probable I shall have it in my power to embrace them on the fifteenth."

"The fifteenth!" they all exclaimed, "why that's to-morrow! No — surely — is it — Yes, to-day is the fourteenth

— Ah, so it is. — Well now that is clever — to-morrow! — Dear me, how soon that will be here. — I shall jump for joy — I am sure I shall not get a wink of sleep all night with the thoughts of seeing him. And Joseph, too! what joy 'twill be to him. But pray, sir, let us hear the rest." Mr. Davenport, ever ready to indulge, continued as follows:

"I look forward to that moment with infinite satisfaction: I shall be surrounded by those who are dear to me; and, if I find them all perfectly well, it will add much to my happiness." (*Mr. Davenport reads to himself.*)

Mr. Davenport. What follows, my dears, relates to business which can only concern your mother and myself. When we meet with anything that you would wish to hear, I will read it aloud.

Mr. Davenport kept his promise; but as I have already inserted as much of the letter as is necessary, I shall say no

more on the subject; only informing my young readers, that the expectation of Mr. Easy's return employed their thoughts so much, that, in short, they could think of nothing else; and therefore deferred hearing the conclusion of the Fairy Tale to another day.

And now I must take my leave of those who have indulged me with the perusal of the above pages, for a little while, with the promise, in the next part,

To conclude the Fairy Tale.

To introduce Entertaining Stories.

To put the Miss Easys under Mrs. Davenport's care.

By her instructions, to make them nearly as amiable as Mary and Caroline.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

DAVENPORT FAMILY,

—

PART II.

THE next morning, as they were sitting at breakfast, they heard the sound of a carriage driving up the avenue: they all jumped up from the table, and running to the window, with one voice exclaimed, "Here he is! here he is!" In an instant the parlor door flew open, and Mr. Easy entered. I should have much to say, were I too repeat all that was said on both sides, upon this happy

meeting; those who have affectionate fathers, uncles, and brothers, can easily picture to themselves what passed.

Mr. Easy was a valuable acquisition to this little society; to a good heart, he joined an excellent understanding, an improved mind, and elegant manners. He and Mr. Davenport were educated at the same school, travelled together, and their dispositions being alike, they formed a friendship which increased with their years.

Mr. Easy unfortunately lost his wife two months after the birth of his youngest daughter, who, being a very sickly child, did not survive her mother many weeks.

Sophia and Amelia were very fond of their father, and, indeed, it would have been singular if they had not, as he ever treated them with true paternal tenderness. 'Tis true, they enjoyed but little of his society, as they never saw him,

but when he paid them occasional visits at school; but then, he always testified so much pleasure in being with them, and so affectionately attended to all their little requests, that he was as dear to them as if they had always lived together.

After the description I formerly gave of these two sisters, the above may seem extraordinary; but then my readers must consider, that their dispositions were such as could not bear contradiction, and therefore, while Mr. Easy had no opportunity of thwarting their inclinations, they behaved properly towards him: but it will soon appear, that, from the moment he had occasion to exert his parental authority, they were no longer the same affectionate children.

This little family had so many interesting subjects for conversation, that when the dinner bell rang, they were quite surprised to find it so late. The

afternoon and evening stole off imperceptibly, and they all went to bed in high good humor.

The next morning, early, Charles and George took a walk to Old Joseph's cottage, in order to prepare him for a visit from their uncle in the course of the day. The good couple were delighted with this intelligence — the old man in particular, who declared he felt himself younger for it by four or five years. Before the boys had got half way home, they met Mr. Easy, who could not restrain his impatience to see his old friend; they joined him and were witnesses to a very affecting scene upon their arrival at the cottage. Here they staid above an hour, and upon their return home, found breakfast almost over. Mr. Easy acknowledged himself much obliged to his brother and sister for their attention towards his old friend, adding that he knew nobody more deserving of their charity.

"Pray, sir," said Sophia, "why are you so particularly fond of old Joseph? I know he is a very good man, but he was but a common servant."

Mr. Easy. "A common servant, my dear Sophia! and is that any reason why I should not respect his virtues?"

Sophia. "No, father, but I think there is no occasion to go and sit whole hours with a gardener."

Mr. Easy. "I am sorry you are of that opinion. This poor old man served my father faithfully many years; I consider him as my relation, and his age and infirmities demand my utmost attention. But, my dear Sophia, where did you get these strange notions? I am sure your cousins think very differently. I don't know a man upon earth more honest and faithful than Joseph. To be sure, he has neither birth or riches to boast of, but that does not at all affect his real worth of character.

A few days after this, Mary and Caroline were walking in the garden, and the following conversation took place between them.

"I wish," said Mary, "my cousins were a little better tempered; I thought we should have been very happy together, but they will hardly take any notice of us; and then, when mother gives them any little piece of advice, they only sneer and look at each other as if they were determined not to profit by it."

Caroline. I am sure mother is very good to take that trouble with them; it is more than they deserve.

Mary. Mother sees they stand much in need of advice, and she cannot bear to neglect any opportunity of being of service to them; but I own I shall not be at all sorry when they leave us.

"That we know very well," cried out Sophia (bouncing from behind an ever-

green hedge, which ran along the side of the walk, where Mary and Caroline were) "and I promise you, we shall not cry when the time comes; for I think you are all such disagreeable people to live with, that I'm sure I don't care how soon I leave you; and then, when we are gone, you may have as much advice preached as you please, without fear of our *sneering*, ha! ha!

Mary. "Indeed, Sophia, I did not think you had been half so ill-natured as I find you are; I'm sure my sister and I would like to be friends with you, of all things; but that is quite impossible, whilst you continue to speak so disrespectfully of mother, who loves us all dearly, and who does you much honor when she condescends to tell you of any of your faults."

Amelia. *Honor*, indeed! a great deal of honor, truly! that's as good a joke as father made when he talked of paying respect to the old gardener.

Caroline. For shame, for shame, Amelia! when you are in a passion, you don't care what you say, or whom you abuse.

Amelia. And pray, ma'am, who told you I was in a passion; and if I were, what is it to you, you little saucy thing; what business have you to interfere?

Sophia. What *sweet, amiable, wise children* these are, sister! La, why do you stay to talk with them? There, *my dears, go and play with your dolls;* flounce away! that's right. Sweet Mary! Sweet Caroline! *angelic little dears!* Adieu!

The two little Davenports quitted the garden, highly disgusted with the behaviour of their visiters; but being conscious that they had nothing to reproach themselves with, they soon forgot their anger. Mary had gathered a crocus, which she sat down quietly to copy in

water-colors, and Caroline took some ribbon out of her work bag, with which she began to make a watch chain for her brother George, who, together with Charles, had accompanied the chaise on horseback.

There were large wooden shutters on the outside of the windows belonging to the room where Mary and Caroline were sitting: Sophia and Amelia perceiving these, agreed to close them all on a sudden, and by that means to prevent their cousins from pursuing their amusement in that apartment. They put their scheme in execution, and Mary and Caroline were forced to retire to their own room above stairs. These childish, ill-natured sisters then began to throw snowballs at the windows, nor would they desist, till they had cracked three or four panes of glass: this, however, put an end to their pelting, and they ran into the house, up the stairs,

and bouncing against their cousins' door, demanded entrance. Receiving no answer, they called them every abusive name they could think of, and thumped and kicked as if they had been breaking through the door.

When they found they could not get in, they piled up a great many chairs against the door, hoping that when Mary and Caroline should open it, the chairs would fall down upon them and hurt them. When they had done this they went away.

After a little time, Mary and Caroline opened the door very carefully and took down the chairs and put them in their places.

Though these girls were thus rude and unkind, their cousins did not return evil for evil, but did all in their power, by kindness, to win their love. One day, for instance, when they came out of their own room, they passed by the

door of their cousins' apartment, which was open, and then went in. They found the room in a sad state of disorder. The carpet was all in a heap, the bed-curtains twisted round the posts, the pictures turned with their faces to the wall, books and clothes lay about the floor, and the whole apartment in confusion.

They knew that their mother would be very much displeased to see this, and though they had so much reason to be offended with their cousins, they immediately began putting everything in order, to prevent them from getting into trouble. This took a great deal of time to accomplish, but they went through it all patiently and faithfully, and put the room in perfect order again.

Notwithstanding all this kindness, Sophia and Amelia rather grew worse than better. They were very rude and unkind, and ill-humoured. One morn-

ing at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Davenport asked Caroline to ring for the tea kettle. Sophia did not offer to move, though she sat close to the bell; Caroline endeavored to reach it over her cousin's chair, but finding that impracticable, she whispered, "Sophia, will you be so good as to move a little;" upon which Sophia, without rising, took hold of her chair with both her hands, and bounced herself away with such violence, that she overthrew a screen that stood behind her. Amelia burst into a loud laugh, but still her aunt took no notice. The hot water was brought in, and Mrs. Davenport made tea. She gave a cup to each of the girls, but Sophia and Amelia refused it, saying, "they chose coffee."

Mrs. Davenport. The coffee will not come up till your father and uncle come in from their walk.

Sophia, Amelia. Then I *chuse* to have tea."

Mary, (*offering sugar.*) Some sugar, cousins?"

Sophia. No, I *chuse* honey.

In short, they refused in the most disobliging manner everything that was offered to them, and were growing still more impertinent, when their father entered, accompanied by Mr. Davenport and his sons.

As soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Easy, addressing himself to his two daughters, told them, "he was going to write to Mrs. Jones, their teacher in London, and acquaint her that they would be there the following Monday."

Sophia. I am glad of it, sir.

Amelia. So much the better, I'm sure.

Mr. Easy. It is very *fortunate* you should both be of that opinion, and if you are so *exceedingly fond* of school, without doubt you will be glad to hear I mean to give strict charge to

Mrs. Jones upon no account to permit you ever to dine or drink tea with any of my friends who used formerly to notice you.

Sophia. Just as you please, sir.

Mr. Easy to Caroline. Well, then, my dear little girl, will you ask your maid to see that your cousin's clothes are packed up by to-morrow night, as they will set off at eight the following morning.

Amelia. We sha'nt be dressed by eight, sir.

Mr. Easy. I shall order the horses at that hour, and I desire you will be ready in time.

Sophia. Are we to go by ourselves, sir?

Mr. Easy. No, I shall go with you a part of the way, where one of Mrs. Jones' assistants will meet you and conduct you to town.

Sophia, (*whispering her sister.*) And a *charming journey* we shall have!

"Come," said Mr. Easy, "you had better both leave the room; I see you are determined to behave ill, and whilst you continue in this perverse humor, the less we have of your company the better."

His daughters rose and went out, and in a rude and noisy manner, went grumbling and muttering into the next room.

"I do not know what to do with those girls," continued Mr. Easy, "their ingratitude shocks me. I had no idea their dispositions were so untractable, or I should never have thought of troubling you with them so many weeks."

"I am sure," replied Mr. Davenport, "we have not considered it as any trouble, though they certainly have some great faults."

Mr. Easy. I wish you would advise me what method to pursue. I sometimes think of taking a house in town,

and providing a good teacher for them at home, for I am convinced that a public school is not the place for them; a hundred little things must pass unnoticed; on the contrary, a teacher at home has nothing to do but to attend to them alone, and if she is a sensible woman, she will know how to correct their faults, and at the same time engage their affections.

Mr. Davenport approved this plan, but thought it a dangerous one to carry into execution, as so much depended upon their choice of the person. They talked a long while upon this subject: at length, in consequence of a proposal made by Mr. Davenport, it was settled in the following manner, viz: as Mr. Davenport meant in future to spend the first part of every year in town, there could be no reason why Sophia and Amelia should not then leave Mrs. Jones' school, and live entirely with

them: by these means they would have proper attention paid to their education, without running any hazard whatsoever.

This scheme was highly pleasing to Mr. Easy; it rid him at once of all his anxiety, and he felt himself infinitely obliged to his brother and sister for this great proof of the sincerity of their friendship. When Mrs. Davenport rose from table, George followed her out of the room, and asked leave to have the conclusion of the fairy tale read out before his cousins went away: his mother told him he might read it to them and his sisters that afternoon: he thanked her for this indulgence, and ran immediately to fetch the book. Having called his brother, and found out the place where they had left off, he began as follows:

She, (that is, Benevolenta,) soon found

out that Melpomene was in the palace of Horridona,* a fairy, who made a common practice of stealing away children with the cruel design of returning them to their parents with perverted minds and unhappy tempers. With this view she indulged them in every wish, whether innocent or wicked: she threw all sorts of temptations in their way, and at the same time, by her example and advice, eradicated every good principle that might serve to resist them.

Benevolenta was shocked to find this poor little princess in so terrible a situation, and was resolved to use all possible means to relieve her. She immediately summoned the powerful genii Boccadindo, and entreated him to assist her. Boccadindo brought with him the little Fidelio: this amiable little creature had been brought up with the tenderest care

* Horridona is meant to represent sin.

and attention by a fairy aunt. To a beautiful figure was added the most engaging disposition, and the most benevolent heart. Hearing from the fairy the situation of the princess, he begged her to permit him to exert himself for her relief. "Alas! my child," said Benevolenta, "her mind, I fear, is already perverted."

"Let us hope not," said Boccadindo; "she must not be lost; and if the power of example can be of any service to her, she cannot have a better pattern of goodness than Fidelio."

Fidelio returned the genii thanks for the good opinion he entertained of him, and kissing the fairy's hand, conjured her to employ him in the undertaking.

Benevolenta expressed the fears she entertained for his own safety, and promised to yield to his entreaties, provided the genii would give him a talisman sufficiently powerful to repel any

rude attacks, the evil counsels of Horridona might make upon the integrity of his heart.

"Never fear, madam," replied Boccadindo, "he has no need of talismans to preserve him free from guilt; such precautions are needless; his own heart, and the education he has received, are talismans of much greater power than any he can be furnished with."

The fairy now no longer hesitated; she gave her consent to the undertaking, and the genii presented Fidelio with a slipper, which, upon putting on his foot, would immediately procure what money, clothes, &c. he might want for his journey.

Fidelio was now transported with joy: it had been foretold that he would one time or other have it in his power to redeem a princess from captivity, and by the force of his example to reclaim her from the paths of vice. His gener-

ous heart exulted at the idea that the time for the accomplishment of the prophecy was come, and the eagerness he testified, proceeded purely from the desire of doing good, and not from any selfish views with regard to his own interest.

Boccadindo now took his leave; Fidelio put on the enchanted slipper, and immediately the ground opened beneath him, and a little white horse appeared, ready bridled and saddled. The young prince mounted him, and was presently out of sight.

In the mean time the king and queen of Rosyland had issued a proclamation, promising honors and riches to that person who should bring the princess safe to their arms. Many were induced to undertake this cause, by the flattering prospects before them, but they all returned without any success, not having patience enough to follow the adventure,

as they were wholly unacquainted with the abode of Horridona.

Fidelio was equally ignorant of the situation of her palace, but, by his unceasing exertions, and unrelenting fortitude, succeeded at last in the discovery. He travelled nineteen days through unfrequented deserts and dreary woods; on the twentieth, just before sun-set, he found himself in a large plain, at the farther end of which he perceived the palace of Delights, as it was erroneously styled by the owner.* The walls were ebony, the porticos of solid gold, the window frames and roof of the same metal. The western sun shone full upon it, and made it, when contrasted with the dark gloom of some lofty pines that grew on each side, a most beautiful object. Fidelio was delighted to behold

* This splendid palace represents the false and delusive pleasures of sin.

the end of his journey, and immediately galloped towards it. Upon his arrival at the grand entrance, he dismounted, and taking the slipper from one of his saddle-bags, carefully deposited it in his bosom, and telling his little horse he had no present use for him, it immediately disappeared. He ascended a flight of ebony steps, with gold ballustrades, and entered a lofty hall, surrounded with a colonnade of ebony pillars, the bases and chapiters ornamented with gold, and wreaths of gold flowers twisted round the columns. The dome wore the appearance of the starry firmament on a frosty night. Opposite the great door was an arch, which served as an entrance to the bottom of a grand staircase of solid gold, which led up to a long gallery of white marble, whose walls were inlaid with the most beautiful paintings, the subjects of which were taken from mythology, and the floor of

different colored marble; this opened into a suit of apartments, whose elegance was equal to their magnificence. He had already passed through twenty-nine rooms, every one varying from the other; he at length came into an octagon one of pea green marble, hung all round with large festoons of white and red roses, whose fragrancy perfumed the apartment — a small fountain of scented water rose in the middle. There were six niches, in which were placed alabaster statues of exquisite workmanship. On the opposite side of the room to that by which he had entered, was a green silk curtain; upon drawing this aside, he found himself in a portico of white marble, which commanded a view of the park and gardens belonging to this beautiful palace. On the north the prospect was bounded by mountains, whose tops were covered with snow; these, however, were at so great a dis-

tance, and the intervening country so beautiful, that, far from affording a dreary aspect, they added new charms to the scene. The palace stood upon a lawn of the finest verdure, watered by a wide river that meandered through the adjacent country, and at length emptied itself into the sea, which terminated the view on the south. The flower garden, which was of great extent, was bounded by a colonnade of white marble; this was hollow and transparent, so that at night, lamps were lighted in the inside, and altogether it had a very pleasing effect. A delightful concert was heard on the water, on which a number of boats were sailing. A magnificent bridge was thrown over it, and the whole prospect together was so enchanting, that Fidelio for a moment forgot the princess, and stood wrapt in astonishment. Whilst he was gazing round with admiring eyes, he

observed a party of young men and women below, who were making signs to him to come down: he immediately recollected himself, and hastened to join them. They paid him a thousand compliments, and offered their services in shewing him the beauties of the palace. He thanked them for their politeness, and told them he only wished to be introduced to the fairy. "You may have that pleasure," they replied, "in a few minutes. She presides at our table, and we are in momentary expectation of a summons to attend her. You will be perfectly charmed with her; the beauties of her person are only rivalled by the brilliancy of her wit; and when once you have passed a few minutes with her, you will never have resolution enough to quit her palace."

While they were yet speaking, a band of martial music struck up; immediately numbers of people issued from all parts

of the garden; those who were on the water landed in great haste, and the whole multitude eagerly crowded towards a large building that had, till then, escaped Fidelio's observation. Those with whom he had been conversing, joined the rest, and by the force of others pushing forward, he at last entered an immense banquetting house, lighted up with a profusion of lamps; it was, however, kept very cool, the windows being all open and shaded with green silk curtains. In the middle was a table that could be enlarged or contracted at pleasure, so that of whatever number the company consisted, it always appeared full. The entertainment was magnificent; the most exquisite viands were served in great abundance in massive gold. The company being all assembled, a large folding door was thrown open, and twenty beautiful young girls entered the hall,

dancing to the sound of the music above-mentioned; they each of them had a large wreath of flowers, with which they formed a sort of triumphal arch for the fairy to pass through. Soft music was now heard, and Horridona entered, her train borne by a page, whose dress entirely consisted of precious stones.

Fidelio was now presented to the fairy, who asked him, in an affable tone of voice, "What had led him to her palace?" Totally unused to deceit, he found it difficult to conceal the true motive of his journey; but knowing how fatal such an avowal must prove to the success of his cause, he replied, with hesitation, that it was "curiosity." Horridona, expecting him to have launched out in praise of the edifice and its owner, was not a little disappointed at his answer. She smiled at his confusion, and turning to his companions, "You must inspire this young man," said she, "with

a little more courage; our magnificence confounds him; he will like us better when he knows more of us; in the mean time you must give him confidence; he is by far too bashful." To say the truth, Fidelio hung down his head, and looked to great disadvantage, but he had sufficient cause to be disconcerted. The fairy appeared to him the most hideous figure he had ever beheld: independent of the frightfulness of her person, it required but a small degree of physiognomy to discover in her face that her mind was equally horrible. But now she gave the signal for the commencement of festivity. Fidelio suffered himself to be led to the table; but although the greatest dainties were offered him by his companions, he could not be prevailed upon to taste a single morsel. His fright had taken away his appetite; he still continued to hang his head, now and then stealing a look at

those who sat next him, many of whom he shortly perceived were entertaining themselves with ridiculing his confused air. Melpomene instantly rushed into his mind; he quickly recovered himself, and casting a look of eager inquiry all around him, endeavored, but in vain, to see the princess. His prudence now suggested to him, that the only way to get intelligence of her, was to recommend himself to the person in whose power she was, by conforming in some degree to the manners of her court.

Clovis and Lydia, who sat on each side of him, congratulated him upon the return of his spirits. Young and giddy, they had no idea of pleasure existing anywhere but in Horridona's palace. It is true, when first they were introduced to her, they were, like Fidelio, startled at her figure; but as they were then but children, and their principles unfixed, they were soon reconciled to her

appearance, and being deceived by the false glare of happiness that shone in the feasts and balls with which she daily entertained them, this horror gradually wore off, and they now considered her in the same light as they had described her to Fidelio.

This young prince, no longer embarrassed, gave attention to all that was passing. The conversation (interrupted by loud bursts of laughter) was such as I am persuaded would afford no amusement to my readers, were it to be repeated. Fidelio could join but little in it: he was even sometimes almost tempted to stop his ears.

The meats being removed, a magnificent desert, with the most curious wines, was placed on the table. In the middle was a temple made of emeralds, out of which came a number of little diamond men and women, carrying baskets of sweetmeats; they marched

up to the top of the table, knelt to the queen, and then dividing into two parties, presented each of the company with a basket; meeting at the bottom, they joined hands, and danced back to the temple to the sound of a harp, which was played by a diamond boy sitting on the dome of the temple. None of the figures in this curious piece of mechanism were more than seven inches high. It was near midnight when they quitted the banquetting-room: intoxicated with the liquors they had been drinking, they reeled after the queen into a large myrtle bower, where they were each presented with a goblet filled from a fountain whose water had the property of recovering those who drank it from the effects of intemperance. Here the party separated; some returned to the palace, and spent the remainder of the night in gaming, others again sat down to drink; dances were

made in different parts of the gardens, but they were conducted without the least decorum, and all was riot and confusion. In the mean time Fidelio, who had left the table at an early hour, had made a discovery that gave him no little joy. Fatigued with the noise and nonsense that prevailed among the company in the hall, he stole away unperceived, and going into the park, which was already illuminated, rambled about for some time: at last he crossed the river, and directed his course towards the wood that fronted the palace. Here he was preparing to rest himself from the fatigues he had lately undergone, when the voices of some children caught his ear; he immediately hastened towards the place from whence they seemed to proceed. He perceived a small palace of white marble: the portico was lighted up, and the doors being open he entered a hall, where a number

of beautiful children were running and jumping about.

Upon seeing Fidelio, they immediately surrounded him, and began pulling off the diamond fringe with which his mantle was trimmed, others ran away with his sword-knot and shoe-roses; but as there was not finery enough for them all, what little there was, quickly became an object of contention. Words were soon succeeded by blows, and all the measures Fidelio took to pacify them were of no effect. Amidst the confusion of voices, he frequently heard the name of Melpomene pronounced: he soon discovered her to be one of the foremost in the battle. Her little face was distorted with fury; the flowers which had ornamented her dress, were torn to pieces; roaring and stamping with vehemence, she pleaded her birth as a distinction that entitled her to the jewels.

The uproar still increasing, at last brought some of their nurses, who, upon seeing the manner in which they were engaged, ran back and immediately returned with a quantity of toys and sweetmeats to quiet them. Our young prince now stept forward, and apologized for the trouble he had occasioned. They replied, "it was a pity he had come at all, the children were all of the sweetest dispositions in the world, and he was highly blameable in not providing himself with jewels enough for them all." It was in vain that Fidelio urged as an excuse, his accidentally coming near the place; they would not listen to him, and it was not without a great deal of grumbling, and upon condition that he brought something for the children, that they gave him permission to call again.

"Fortunate Fidelio!" said the young fairy to himself as he retired from the

wood, "you have found the object of your search." But this joy was of short continuance; for when he reflected on the situation of the unfortunate Melpomene, the prospect of her deliverance appeared to him at a greater distance than ever. "Alas!" exclaimed the almost desperate Fidelio, "of what presumption have I not been guilty in offering my services to the queen of Rosyland, towards the recovery of her daughter! Were she instantly removed to the palace of *Almanzoroaster*, and placed under the guidance and protection of the best and the most powerful of the genii, even there it would require the labor of years to eradicate from her bosom those seeds of vice which Horridona has plentifully sown, and diligently cultivated. And shall I, who am myself a child, pretend to combat and to overcome obstacles which would impede the progress of Almanzoroaster, and

that too in the habitation of Horridona, in the midst of dangerous instructions, and equally dangerous examples? Can my weak eloquence persuade her to virtue, when every other hand presents a new allurement to pleasure, and every other tongue a fresh incitement to vice? Detained by the united powers of sin, folly, and Horridona, what presumption must it be in a child to pretend to break her chains? No, the freedom of Melpomene must be effected by a stronger arm than that of the inexperienced Fidelio. And yet," after a moment's recollection within himself, "with what face can I meet the fairy Benevolenta, and tell her that I had entered the palace of pleasure, but had returned without Melpomene? That I had discovered the princess, but had not the courage, the generosity to attempt her deliverance? How can I tell her that I am a coward, unworthy of her con-

fidence, and the good opinion of the genii Boccadindo! It must not be; the prophecy *shall* be fulfilled. I will not relinquish the palace of Horridona till the deliverance is effected by nature or Fidelio."

George was here interrupted by the arrival of some company to tea, which unluckily prevented the conclusion of the fairy tale from being read that evening. I say unluckily, as the book then disappeared, and though searched for the next day in every corner of the house, was nowhere to be found. Many were the conjectures formed upon this occasion by the little Davenports: their mother could easily have set them right, as she was privy to the affair.

She had seen Sophia steal behind George's chair, and (as she thought unobserved) snatch up the book and put it in her pocket. When inquiries after

it were made the next day by the children, this good lady was surprised to see with what coolness Sophia persisted in denying any knowledge of the transaction. Shocked to the last degree, she forbade anything farther being said on the subject, and diverted their attention by the introduction of another book, equally entertaining and more instructive. Mrs. Davenport was unwilling to pain her brother by the knowledge of his daughter's behaviour, and therefore declined taking any notice of it at that time; but no sooner did she retire to her own dressing-room, than she wrote a letter to her teacher, Mrs. Jones, in which she entreated her in the strongest terms to watch over her pupil during the time she was to remain with her, and to do her utmost to eradicate the hateful vice she had contracted.

This letter produced much mortification to Sophia, after her return to school;

for Mrs. Jones, assisted by the hint she had received, convicted her in many untruths, for all of which she was punished with the greatest severity.

The following day, as the young people were sitting together after breakfast, Harry Lively came in, and informed the Miss Easys that he was going to ride with his father to the next town, and that knowing they were to set off the next morning for school, he came to inquire if he could execute any commissions for them.

"O yes," said Sophia, "I want a hundred things, but I suppose there is no getting them in this Yorkshire."

"Why not, cousins?" said Charles; "I wish you had told me what you wanted, and I think I could have contrived to have got them some way or other. You may get anything at York."

"Yes, indeed, fifty miles off; you are none of you so kind as to send so far

for anybody but yourselves." "Yes," said Charles, "they could have come very well with father's books, the other day; but I dare say, if you will write down what you want, Harry will get them for you, if they are to be had in the town."

Sophia now taking out her pencil, with the assistance of Amelia, wrote a long list of articles, which they desired Harry lively not to shew to anybody, nor would they permit him to read it out. "But," said the poor boy (whilst they were cramming the paper into his waistcoat pocket,) "I don't know at what shops these things are sold." "Poh," cried Sophia, "can't you remember when I tell you, the three first are to be had at the haberdasher's, the two next at the grocer's, the two that come afterwards at the toy shop, the three next at the stationer's, and the five last at the pastrycook's. There, that's all, now go,

my dear; make haste, I dare say your father is waiting; but do you hear, you need not go sending all these things here to-night — that will be quite foolish of you — I should not wish to have them before to-morrow; so you need not put yourself out of the way by calling here in your way back. Good bye; I'm sorry to give you so much trouble — and then, if you should not be able to meet with any of these articles, ——

"I'll let you know," replied Harry. "No, no, not for the world — no, I don't want to hear — if you get them, why, then you'll send them to-morrow, if not, it can't be help't."

A servant now informed Master Lively, that his father had called for him, upon which Harry took his leave, not very well pleased with the success of his visit; for though his meaning was sincere, when he offered his services, he had no idea of receiving such a multiplicity of commissions.

As soon as he was gone, "pray, cousins," said Charles, "will you accept of a trifle which my brother and I have been making for you?"

Sophia. Oh yes, we'll accept of anything you please to offer us.

Charles. It is nothing of any great value, but if——

Sophia. Why, child, don't make so many speeches—let's see what it is; there is no need of making such a fuss about it.

Charles now ran out of the room, and returned immediately with a planetarium in his hand.

Sophia. What, is this the present? What is it?

Charles. It is a planetarium.

Sophia. Now I'm just as wise as I was before.

Amelia. La, sister, did you never hear of a planetarium? it is what they conjure with.

Caroline. Conjure!

Amelia. Yes, conjure.

Charles. I never heard that before.

Amelia. I can't help that; it is certainly very true.

Charles. Dear me, Amelia, you are mistaken, it is to shew the motions of the planets round the sun.

Sophia. Well, it may be vastly clever to those who comprehend it.

Charles. I was not quite sure whether you would understand it, so I wrote out this little paper to explain it to you.

Amelia. Aye, to be sure, it was impossible that we should know so much as you: you are all so mighty clever.

Sophia. So you made it all yourselves?

Charles. Yes; the plate is made out of an old doll's tea-board that belonged to Mary; so we covered it with paper, painted the circles, and varnished

it with thick gum water. The sun is made of clay, and so, indeed, are the planets; but then we stuck gold leaf on the sun to make it look like brass, because the sun in father's planetarium is made of brass.

Amelia. Well, well, let't see the paper. Did you copy it from the book of astrology that lies on my uncle's table

Charles. I copied part of it from Adams' Essays on the Globes and *Astronomy*, Amelia.

Amelia. Well, once more, let me read it [*opening the paper.*] So! it is written in your best hand! Well, hem! [*reading.*]

"The Copernican system consists of the sun, seven primary, twelve secondary planets, and the comets. The seven planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus, move round the sun in orbits,

included one within the other, and in the order here used in mentioning their names; Mercury being that which is nearest the sun. These seven, which revolve round the sun as their centre, are called primary planets: the twelve small planets revolve round the primary ones as their centre, and are at the same time carried round the sun with them; they are, therefore, called secondary planets, moons, or satellites. The Georgium Sidus is attended by two moons, Saturn by five, Jupiter by four, and the Earth by one. All of these, except the last, are invisible to our naked eye, on account of the smallness of their size, and the greatness of their distance from us."

Sophia. So, this is the Copernican system. I wonder why it is called so.

Amelia. Why! because the sun in the middle of the planetariums is always made of *copper*, not of brass, as Mr. Charles told us.

This new proof of Amelia's self-conceit and ignorance was so perfectly ridiculous, that the little Davenports could not refrain from laughter. Amelia was highly affronted, and, in an angry tone of voice, insisted on knowing what was the occasion of their merriment. Mary apologized for her rudeness, but owned that it was impossible to help it.

Charles. To be sure it was rude to laugh, but you made such a droll mistake! I wonder you should be ignorant that it was so called from Copernicus, a Dane, who lived, if I am not mistaken, in the fifteenth century. The ancients believed that the sun was the centre of the system; but Ptolemy, an Egyptian philosopher, treated this notion as a false one, and supposed the earth as the centre, and the sun and planets describing their orbits round it. But this opinion was totally rejected by Copernicus, who revived the old system,

and established it upon firm and indisputable proofs.

The conversation now turned upon another subject, and they remained without any more disputes till they went up to dress for dinner. Mrs. Davenport was far from wishing her children to give up much of their time to the ornament of their persons, but she always insisted upon their being very clean and neat. Mary and Caroline had the care of their own clothes, and their mother looked them over from time to time, to see that they kept them in proper order.

As they were sitting at table, during dinner, one of the servants delivered a note to Sophia, which, upon opening, she found was from Harry lively; she immediately guessed the contents, and coloring, crumpled it up, and put it in her pocket. Mr. Easy saw her confusion, and accordingly when dinner was over, asked her from whom she had re-

ceived the paper she was so desirous of concealing.

Sophia. Oh, it's nothing of any consequence, sir.

Mr. Easy. I should rather suspect the contrary, as you blushed exceedingly when you looked at it, and seemed fearful of being observed by any one. I shall think you very blameable if you do not shew it, of your own accord, to your aunt, as you ought certainly to keep no secret from her: and I'm certain that if you have got into any difficulty, she will, with her usual indulgence, do all in her power to assist you.

Sophia. No, sir, I'd rather not shew it; it can be of no sort of consequence to my aunt.

Mrs. Davenport. I should wish you voluntarily to make a friend of me upon all occasions. Mary and Caroline would not, I am convinced, keep a secret from me, upon any account; and why should you behave differently?

Sophia. I don't see any harm, ma'am, in not shewing you every letter I receive. I assure you, ma'am, there is nothing about *you* in it.

Mrs. Davenport. Nothing about me! Do you then suppose that it is from a motive of curiosity that I wish to see your note?

Sophia. I don't know what it can be else.

Mr. Easy. For shame! for shame, Sophia! You judge of others by yourself. But to conclude the matter at once; I do not chuse you to receive any letter whatever without acquainting your uncle, aunt, or myself with its contents; I insist, therefore, upon your shewing it immediately.

"Well, then, there it is," said Sophia, tossing it into the middle of the table,—"there's more fuss made about it than it's worth."

Amelia cast her eye upon it as it lay,

and perceiving Harry Lively's name, eagerly snatched it up, and threw it under the table, as she was as unwilling as her sister that it should be seen, knowing that it must infallibly bring them both into difficulty.

Mr. Easy immediately desired her to pick it up: he was vexed at their behavior, and was determined not to give way to them.

Amelia at first hesitated whether or no she should obey her father; but upon his repeating the command, in a decided tone of voice, she thought it better to comply, and accordingly, with an unwilling hand, delivered it to him.

Mr. Easy just looked it over, and then read as follows:

"Harry Lively presents his compliments to the Miss Easys; when he offered his services this morning, he really meant to be of use to them; but if they had considered his offer as a mere compliment, they could not have treated

him worse. He returns the list they furnished him with, and as he understands Mr. Easy is to accompany them, hopes they will have a safe and pleasant journey to town."

The contents of the paper that was enclosed greatly vexed and surprised Mr. Easy: it contained a pack of unintelligible names, all calculated to raise a laugh against poor Harry.

Mr. Easy severely reprimanded his daughters for this piece of mischief: it was a proof, he said, both of their ingratitude and ill-breeding; he was now convinced that their dispositions would not bear indulgence, and that, for the future, they must expect none from him, as he was determined to try what effect severity would have upon them. He accordingly desired them to go up into their own apartment immediately, and upon no account to make their appearance till the horses were ready the following morning.

Sophia and her sister never saw their father so angry before; they had no excuse to make for their behavior, and not wishing to be farther exposed before their cousins, they instantly obeyed his commands. Up stairs they found Ann packing up their clothes; the planetarium lay upon the table, and she was just going to put it in their trunk, when Sophia, snatching it from her, threw it to the other end of the room. "What a fool you are to let it lie there," said Amelia. "Mrs. Set-to-rights," (meaning Mrs. Davenport,) "will spy it out, and make mischief of it; you had better put it out of the window at once."

"A good thought!" returned Sophia, "open the window, and out it shall go! plannatum, or foolatum, or whatever it is called."

While this scene was passing above, Mr. Easy was lamenting the necessity there was of treating his daughters with

the utmost rigor: he *had* hoped to have made companions and friends of them very early in life, but they had, by their late behavior, destroyed his hopes, and he looked forward to nothing but opposition to the plans he had formed.

Amelia and Sophia, contrary to their father's expectation, were punctual to the time appointed for their departure. They were very sulky all breakfast-time; and when they heard that the horses were put to, rose up with an eagerness by no means consistent either with gratitude or common politeness, as it plainly evinced their impatience to leave those relations who had shown so much true kindness towards them. Mrs. Davenport desired they would write to her as soon as they had reached London, that she might know if they had got safe to the end of their journey. They promised to comply with her request, but did not think it necessary to

thank her for the interest she took in their welfare. They jumped into the chaise, hardly taking any leave of their cousins, who stood amazed at their behavior. Mr. Easy promised to return in a few days, and tenderly embracing his sister and nieces, followed his unpromising daughters into the carriage, which drove away immediately.

Mr. Davenport and his sons mounted their horses at the same time, meaning to accompany them for a few miles.

When they were all out of sight, Mrs. Davenport, who had been watching them down the avenue, turned to Mary and Caroline, and kissing them, said, "my dear little girls will, I hope, make a proper use of the scenes they have been witnesses to, and carefully avoid the many errors which their cousins, for want of proper advice, have fallen into."

Mary and Caroline promised their

mother they would be more attentive than ever to the advice she was so kind as to give them from time to time, and Mary expressed her happiness at the prospect there was of her cousins' amendment, when they should all live together, as Mrs. Davenport could then pay the same attention to their morals as she had done to those of her own children.

"At present, my dears," said Mrs. Davenport, "they seem but little inclined to listen to anything for their good. I have endeavored to be of use to them, but all to no purpose: yet I cannot bring myself to think that their hearts are bad: I rather wish to suppose the impropriety of their behavior proceeds from a childish heedlessness that has grown to an alarming height, by keeping company with girls more foolish than themselves. However, when we all live together, I shall labor with-

out ceasing to correct their faults, and hope one day or other to make them worthy of their father's affection."

Mrs. Davenport then desired her daughters to put on their hats, and come with her into the grounds. They passed through that part of the garden directly under the windows of the bedroom which the Miss Easys had occupied. Caroline perceived something laying on the grass, and running to see what it was, felt mortified and surprised to find the little planetarium entirely spoilt. She picked it up, and with tears in her eyes, "see, mother," said she, "what these ill-natured girls have done. My brothers were so happy whilst they were making it for them, and now see what it is come to!" "Poor Charles," said Mary, "how sorry he and his brother will be!" "This," replied Mrs. Davenport, "is like their behavior to Harry lively; this almost makes me

despair of their amendment. I look upon ingratitude as a great crime, and when carried to this height, it fills me with apprehension for their future conduct. But do not let your brothers see this, as I know it will give them pain, and their good nature deserves a better return." "I'll take it into my own room, directly, mother," returned Caroline; "to be sure it is now of no use, but yet it would be a pity to throw it away, so I'll keep it for my brothers' sake, and whenever I look on it, I shall think of their good nature, and remember how ungrateful my cousins were about it." "I would wish you, my dear girl," said her mother, "to make use of every circumstance that may strengthen your affection for Charles and George, but I should rather wish you to throw the planetarium away, than that it should serve to remind you of any unfavorable opinions you may have formed of your cousins."

"Why, mother," said Caroline, "to tell you the truth, I was very glad to see my cousins at first, and I expected to pass many happy days with them; but they turned out to be such ill-natured girls, and so different from what I and my sister wished them to be, that I really don't care if I never see them again."

Mrs. Davenport. You must remember whose children they are, and consider how nearly related they are to you. Remember, too, you will in future all live together, and if you don't agree then,——"

Mary. But, mother, Sophia does not like anybody who is not as mischievous as herself.

Caroline. Mother, I dare say we should have been very good friends if we had but joined in their schemes.

Mrs. Davenport. If, indeed, their friendship is only to be purchased at that price, I do not desire it to subsist

between you. No, my dear girls, it must be your part to set them a good example; and the happiness you enjoy from a consciousness of doing right, must unavoidably prove, in the end, an inducement to them to imitate you.

Mary. But it will be so uncomfortable, if they are always cross.

Mrs. Davenport. Depend upon it, they will then alter their behavior: they considered themselves here as only upon a visit; far from their governess' control, and not accountable to any one for their conduct. The case will then be different; their home will be with us, and they will not have it in their power to associate with such girls as I am convinced have corrupted them at school.

Caroline. I shall like going to London; we shall learn a great many things there, shall we not, mother?

Mrs. Davenport. Yes, my dear; you will have much more business on

your hands than you have now. You will have a music master, and after a little time, you will learn drawing and Italian.

Mary. Italian! is that at all like French, mother?

Mrs. Davenport. It resembles it a little; and you will find less trouble in acquiring it, as you have already been so thoroughly grounded in the French language.

Caroline. And drawing! how pleasant it will be to draw!

Mary. I should like to draw as well as Miss Lively does.

Mrs. Davenport. It will entirely depend on yourself, as you will be instructed by a good master.

Mary. And pray, mother, when is the journey to take place?

Mrs. Davenport. In January next.

Mary. That's a year hence.

Caroline. And how long shall we stay in town?

Mrs. Davenport. Four months.

Caroline. January, February, March, April. Oh! we shall just get into the country time enough to see the leaves open, just when the weather begins to grow warm.

Mary. And pray, mother, did you not once say we were to learn to ride?

Mrs. Davenport. The year after next.

Caroline. I shall like that; then we can ride out with father and my brothers.

Mary. But then, Caroline, you know mother does not ride, and so we shall lose a great deal of her company.

Caroline. O, I forgot that; I wish, mother, you would learn to ride.

Mrs. Davenport. I was never fond of it, my dear children, and it is now too late to begin. But as you both express a liking for that mode of exercise, I should chuse you by all means to learn, as I should then be perfectly easy with regard to your safety whenever you went out.

Caroline. Pray, mother, did my uncle intend to call upon old Joseph this morning?

Mrs. Davenport. He did, my dear: I hope the poor old man is better this morning: he was very bad yesterday.

Mary. Yes, mother, George told me he never saw him look so ill before: the weather had been so bad lately.

Mrs. Davenport. He is so infirm that every change affects him.

They now entered the house, and the two little girls went to their studies.

About the usual dinner time, a servant arrived, sent by Mr. Davenport, to let his family know he should not return that night, as old Joseph was at the point of death, and he could not leave him in that state. George and Charles likewise remained at the cottage. Upon making some inquiries, Mrs. Davenport found that when her brother stopped there in his way to town,

Joseph was very ill, and as he was to pass through the town where the physician lived, he immediately went forward with all diligence, and meant to continue his journey with the same speed, that he might return as soon as possible to his old friend. The servant added, the physician had since arrived, and found his patient in a worse state than either his master or Mr. Easy had suspected him to be; in short, he had declared it to be impossible he should survive that night.

Mrs. Davenport and her two little girls were sensibly affected with this news: they had no appetite for their dinner, and though they sat at table, hardly eat anything.

There was a large medicine chest in the housekeeper's room; the physician was acquainted with its contents, and had desired a few of the articles to be sent to him at old Joseph's cottage.

Mrs. Davenport likewise sent her husband a large wrapping gown, and a great-coat to each of her sons, as it was very cold weather to sit up all night. In the course of the night old Joseph breathed his last. Upon Mr. Easy's return, he settled a small annuity upon the widow and her grand-daughter, and Mr. Davenport placed them in a small cottage within his domains.

Much as Mrs. Davenport wished to produce a reformation in her wayward nieces, yet she could not help anticipating a little of the anxiety which would attend the execution of her plan; these reflections would sometimes throw a damp over that mild cheerfulness for which she was so much admired. But now the time arrived for their long-projected journey; the house was already taken in Berkley Square in London: some of the family were on their way to town, and the day was fixed for the

departure of the remainder. Upon their arrival in town, they sent to inform Mrs. Jones.

Sophia and Amelia, who were not acquainted with Mr. Davenport's intention of passing a few months of the winter in town, were not a little surprised at the summons to leave school. Mrs. Davenport received them with that affection which, though so ill-merited on their part, she could not withhold from the children of a brother she so tenderly loved.

Mr. Easy seldom resided any length of time together in London; when he did, he had lodgings in St. James' street; but as his brother was now in town, apartments were prepared for him in Berkley square.

Mrs. Davenport's arrival in town was soon known by her numerous acquaintance, who were all eager to pay their respects to her; her time was so fully

employed in receiving and paying visits, that she found herself totally unable to pursue her usual domestic employments. She, therefore, intimated to them, that she came to London solely for the purpose of attending to the education of her children. These hints had a desired effect, and Mrs. Davenport soon began to find her accustomed pleasure in inspecting the education of her children. She had engaged a *governess* for them, and had taken no small pains and trouble to procure one in whom she could confide.

This was a mortifying stroke to Sophia and Amelia; they had at first thought their aunt meant to take the care of their education entirely upon herself, without the assistance of a governess. This idea had given them much pleasure, as they concluded that in London she would find but little time to attend to them.

But how were they undeceived when Mrs. Davenport told them she had engaged Mrs. Elwin to be always with them, and to superintend their lessons when she was forced to absent herself from home. Still, however, they were not without hope; this governess might prove more ignorant than themselves, or if this were not the case, perhaps they should be able to impose upon her, coax her into compliance with their idle fits, or else lead her such a life as would induce her to leave the situation. But when this lady came, before she had been one week in the house, they found that none of these schemes were likely to succeed.

Mrs. Elwin proved to be a person every way qualified for the charge she had undertaken. Having had much experience in the education of young people, she had acquired a degree of penetration that enabled her to discover

he source of all their actions; and as she never suffered a bad trait to pass unnoticed, Sophia and Amelia, notwithstanding the plans they had concerted together, began to find it necessary to attend a little to their behavior.

Their school began in the morning at seven; eight was their breakfast hour; from that time till ten, they were closely occupied with their various studies.

Mrs. Davenport joined them at ten, when Mrs. Elwin assisted her in instructing them in history and geography. At one, the carriage was always ready to set them down in Hyde Park for a walk, or if the ground was very damp, to take them to ride. At three, they returned home to dinner. After dinner they spent the afternoon in study again.

Sophia and Amelia were by no means pleased with this arrangement of their time; it required too much application to study to meet with their approbation,

and the opinion they entertained of their new governess, may be gathered from the following anecdote:

When this lady had been with them about a fortnight, Mrs. Davenport went out of town for a few days; it was during her absence that Caroline was one night kept awake by a violent tooth-ache. Upon examining her mouth, Mrs. Elwin found it necessary to have immediate recourse to a dentist; she accordingly ordered the carriage, leaving Mary and the two Miss Easys some French history to get by heart. In about two hours she returned with Caroline in high spirits, having, upon the loss of her tooth, found herself entirely freed from pain. Mary immediately said her lesson perfectly, but her cousins had only learnt a few lines, and those very imperfectly.

Upon inquiry, Mrs. Elwin found they had been out of the school-room most

of the time she was absent, and as this was strictly forbidden, she thought it requisite to know what they had been about. Observing ink upon Sophia's fingers, she knew they must have been writing, and in order to discover what, and to whom, she questioned them very closely; but they both affirmed they had not had a pen in their hands. At this moment one of the housemaids entered the room with a letter in her hand, which she gave to Sophia, saying at the same time, "John says, ma'am, that the man at the post-office says that the letter is above weight, and John wants to know if he is to pay for it."

Mrs. Elwin told the maid she need not wait, and taking the paper from Sophia, broke it open: it was addressed to a young lady who had been her great friend at school, and contained the following lines:

"DEAR T——: After my promise to correspond with you, you have been, no doubt, much surprised at my never having written; but you must know I am so watched, that I have found it impossible till this moment, when one of my Arguses is in the country, the other attending one of my *sweet little cousins* to have a tooth pulled out.

"You know when I left Mrs. Jones' den, I expected to be a little more at liberty, but lo, and *behold*, three days after our arrival at the Hanover Square mansion, an odd kind of a stiff quizzical looking creature was introduced to us, upon our return home from a walk, as our governess. *Governess*, thought I; why, surely, our good Mrs. Davenport is sufficiently vigilant without the assistance of another Duenna; but my thoughts were little to the purpose; one spy, it seems, is not enough, and another we have. But this is not all; this Mrs. Elwin has introduced many detestable practices, such as confining her pupils on back-boards, collars, stocks, &c. As for me, it surprised me not a little to be measured for a back-board. You know I left mine at Mrs. Jones', where she and I have had many a good battle about it; but to be measured for a new one! I'll be hanged if I had not a great mind to knock her brains out with it when it came home. I did contrive to flounce it down on the hearth the second day, and nearly broke her toes; for she sits close to the fire, though we are to keep on the

opposite side of the room, the *sweet cousins* and all, *who like it of all things.* Upon my word, it would positively make you sick to see us in our school, as the Duennas are pleased to call it. Close to the fender sits kind Mrs. Elwin; opposite to her, our tender-hearted aunt; then comes a huge table loaded with French, Italian, and English grammars, delightful treatises on geography, history, and *I don't know what all;* then, on four high stools, Amelia, myself, *sleek sensible Mary*, and *elegant little Caroline*, sit perched like the four candles on a chimney piece. But this does not last long, for we have little to learn by heart, but a good deal of *deskwork* (as you call it) such as making extracts from history, copying maps, writing down the latitude and longitude of places I never heard of before, and never wish to again; then we translate French and Italian, and I don't know what all. By the bye, I return you your paper of riddles, for I do believe riddles would be a profanation in this house, where we are all so mighty learned. Would you believe it, I had half an hour's lecture for reading a story-book the other day, while we were kneeling at prayers in the school-room? For my part, I thought it a mighty good opportunity, but our good governess thought otherwise, and talked so much about what my duty was, and how much I ought at those times to think of what I was about, that she positively made me sick.

"Amelia desires me to tell you to give the enclosed letter to her crony, Susan T——, when you see her, and desire her not to answer it.

"I wish I were in your case; you have left school, and have done with it; as for me, 'tis true I am younger, but I don't see why I cannot leave school at sixteen as well as you; instead of that, I am to be immured up with these Davenports till nineteen, when I promise you I will play fine pranks, in spite of past lectures. Did you ever see dumb-bells? They are great lumps of lead inclosed in leather, which we poor nuns are made to hold in our hands, and swing backwards and forwards, to open the chest, as they say; and this slavish task is set us when any of our masters don't come to their hour. I can tell you, 'tis well for all their skulls that these weights are fastened to my wrists. They say they do it lest they should fall on my toes; but I'll be hanged if they don't suspect me. But I shall not have time to seal my letter before Cerberus comes home, if I do not now sign myself

Your faithful crony,

SOPHIA EASY."

The letter enclosed in the above was much in the same strain. Mrs. Elwin read them over coolly. The sarcasms thrown out against her gave her much

less pain than the principles from which they proceeded. When she had finished the perusal of them, she leisurely folded them up, and put them in her pocket, desiring Sophia and Amelia to finish their lessons, and forbidding Mary or Caroline to hold any conversation with their cousins till Mrs. Davenport returned, to whom she intended to refer the matter. Sophia and Amelia looked very silly upon this discovery being made of their sentiments, and still more so, when their aunt came home the next day. As they had committed an unpardonable fault in writing letters unknown to Mrs. Elwin, this affair was not to be passed over with slight admonition; especially as Mrs. Davenport had long observed that their dispositions could be wrought on more by severity than gentle means.

They were accordingly sentenced to be shut up for a fortnight in separate rooms ,in all which time they were only

to be seen or spoken to by their governess: nor were they to be idle during their confinement; they read to Mrs. Elwin, and had such extracts to get by heart as were calculated to convince them of the impropriety of their conduct.

Upon the expiration of a fortnight, their aunt gave each of them a letter, in answer to the two that had been intercepted. In these epistles (written by Mr. Davenport) arguments were offered that tended to show the ingratitude and folly of turning into ridicule methods taken for our improvement by those who are kind enough to interest themselves in our welfare.

And now we must bring this history to a close, as it is out of our power at present to inform our readers whether Mrs. Elwin's efforts were successful in changing the characters of these bad girls. We hope they were, but characters once formed, it is very hard to change.